

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

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WILLIAM BOOTH,

Commissioner.

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[ EVANGELINE BOOTH. ]

Commissioner.

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JUNIORS' WEEK]

LOV.—EVEN THE LOVE OF LITTLE BIRDS.

[NOW ON.

# MY JOURNAL.

BY THE GENERAL.

February 25th, 11 p.m. **ADE** "Good-bye" to beautiful Los Angeles, properly named so far as its situation, soft and sunny climate—for might it not become a "City of Angels"? Anyway, the people treated me very kindly, and I left them with regret.

Our train was three hours late, but a sleeping car was set aside by the kindness of the railroad company in the train in which I was thankful to deposit myself, and although the thumpings and shakings of a railway depot at night are not very friendly to slumber, it was my happy lot to speedily fall into the arms of "tired nature's sweet re-stor, balmy sleep."

Saturday, 26th.

Saturday, 26th, was a long, sultry, dusty day, broken only so far as I was concerned, by a twenty-minutes' speech to a group of Salvationists and a crowd of working men at the City of Angels on my way. How they did listen! What a satisfaction it was to see working men about salvation when they want to hear

8 p.m. Oakland at last! Oakland is a residential suburb of San Francisco—an arm of the sea dividing the two places. I was glad to see Oakland, and judging from the number of people, the shouting of hundreds of soldiers, the burning of red fires, and the smiling faces of the people, Oakland was glad to see me. Of course being two hours late spoiled the reception as arranged, and in the excitement of the moment, I did not notice that the Mayor of the City of Oakland was there to the moment, and we mounted the war chariot, and I being up first introduced the Mayor to the crowd, and the Mayor in a few really choked and very friendly words introduced the General and very friendly speech, and then away we went to our billet, with everybody full of joyous and blessed anticipation for the morrow.

Sunday, 27th, 10:30.

A large theatre was the scene of the operations for the day. It was not full, a heavy down-pour of rain doubtless keeping a good many away, but there was a fine force of soldiers in full uniform. God helped me to talk on the possibilities of faith. Coming out was no small matter that day for the penitents in one way or another had to climb the steep ranch of the Mercy Seat, and then in full sight of the passing crowd above and below. However, that morning 15 manifested their earnestness by courageously facing the ordeal, some of them broken-hearts backsliders.

Afternoon, 3:30. The theatre was packed, and the doors were closed, and the doors. The message was listened to with death-like silence, every sentence seemed to force its way into the hearts of the hearers. It seemed as though the very heart of the multitude that came back to the upper room, the Spirit of God for instantaneous and unconditional submission could be heard. The pause that followed as the voices of the speaker ceased was all but painful, and then another decided that the first one, and the audience decided it, and evidenced it by coming forward. Thirteen yielded—one of whom, a lady, was wheeled on to the stage in a Bath Chair. It was certainly one of the most effective afternoon meetings of my experience in any part of the world.

Night, 7:30. One of our morning and afternoon friends had gone to their homes and to their own meetings. We had, however, a full house of comparatively new people. The meeting was not long out with the General, and the room was presented as it. Furtive was the reason lay in me. The subject was "Death, and its needed preparation." My heart was heavy. With the responsibility of the human soul, God with me, and two responded to this call to meet and wash away their sins in the River of Life. That was 23 for the day. Oh, I shall never forget that visit to Oakland!

Monday, 28th.

Now for San Francisco: The city which in my early days was never mentioned in the company of gold seekers and gold finders. Intensely sympathetic with my undesigning and intensely sympathetic helpers in this campaign, Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker, we made early for this new sphere. Surely I can say with the Apostle, "Here I have no continuing city"—I am ever on the move.

2:45. We had only a short railway ride, the train running mostly through the streets and highroads of Oakland, and then went across the bay to the great Ferry Steamer that ran between these shores. I suppose the one we crossed in would contain at a push 1,000, or perhaps 1,500 people. Although not a bright day

there was sufficient sunshine to give the red soil of the two islands that stand out like giant sentinels on either side of the entrance, the imposing title of "The Golden Gate." As we steamed past I could see the lookers-on on the shore, and the harbors outside which the vast Pacific Ocean rolls her lordly waters along the shores of this continent and around the most romantically beautiful island.

Three hours after we crossed the bay, two hours 25 and the other 24, attempted suicide by jumping from the deck of the same steamer.

10:30. Another theatre, holding they say 3,300 more than the one in Oakland, the congregation being good for a weekday meeting. They had been more than half full. They said that there were at least 100 ministers present, and deputations from 50 Good Endeavor Societies, together with 200 officers and a crowd of soldiers, the power of the Army. Deliverance from sin was the theme, as is mostly the case, my theme—for, as the Italian used to say, "All roads lead to Rome" so all my texts and topics aim at salvation from sin through the blood of the Lamb.

3:30. The people were here to have filled the place. My topic was "The reasons for defeat among God's Israel to-day," illustrated by Achas. There was a good deal of heart-searching, and 15 came out.

Evening. We were full to the ceiling, and it seemed a long way up there, looked at from the stage. Many were shut out, some of whom had travelled long distances, and one man was not able to get inside who had come for that purpose. 25

This was one of the most solemn nights of my life. "The Great White Throne" was my theme. In spirit I am sure I stood before it myself, and I think many if not the whole of my hearers were in spirit carried towards that judgment of days. The after service was extra ordinarily solemn. While every voice was hushed, and every heart was full of awe and wonder, an intelligent-looking young man volunteered right away from the back of the pit, and came boldly forward. He was followed at intervals by 20 more.

Tuesday, March 1st.

The advance of the Army was the subject. A number of prominent citizens were with me on the platform the Hon. Horace Davis, a city gentleman, eminent in business and public life, the world, presiding. The Commander and commander who have accompanied me so far on this campaign, say it was the most effective campaign yet; indeed, they assert that it cannot be surpassed. Anyway, I believe that God was there. The expression of his love, love, love, the love of the parents of officers, soldiers and friends with which it closed, coupled with an enthusiastic invitation to come back again as soon as possible was very affecting, and touched my heart deeply, viewed as it was by my precious daughter, the Cross, and endorsed by the crowd in every part of the building.

Wednesday, March 2nd.

10:30. Officers' meeting.

3:30. Officers' meeting.

8:30. Officers and soldiers. There were 70 present, a few more soldiers moving the rest. In front of me there was one of the most interesting groups of Salvationists I ever talked to, namely, some dozen Chinese soldiers. We have in San Francisco a Chinese corps numbering 40 soldiers, and recruiting they were formerly among the biggest band of the city—murderers, thieves, opium smokers, morphine extract, and the like. Properly saved through grace, they are kept useful by the power of God. The corps make all its officers and pays all working expenses. What a promise for our future operations in China!

I tried to speak as for eternity. Many soldiers sought a clean heart, and not a few had been converted; some of them were officers—some back to God. The meeting was finished up somewhat about 11 o'clock in a whirlwind of thanksgiving and delight. Total at the Mercy Seat, 74.

Thursday, March 3rd.

10:30. Officers. Closing meeting of the San Francisco campaign. I have held many gatherings of officers in different parts of the Salvation Army world, but this was the best, the most willing to act, loyal and less failing. The General and all that the General represents have never found this California officers' gathering surpassed. I think our meetings were useful. I am sure of it.

It will be seen and partaken of after many days. We were mutually pleased with each other. I am sure that they captured me, and if words, and tones, and songs, and pledges are to be relied

upon, we are as it was said with a burst of enthusiasm at the close of the gathering, one for now and evermore. God bless the California officers or the everlasting Salvation Army!

Tuesday, March 3rd.

While packing up for our departure a large crowd gathered in which interested me not a little. It appeared that about an hour's ride from this city there is an immense prison containing—ordinarily come 1,200 inmates. In this prison we had had for some time a company of soldiers, who had been saved within the walls, the Sergt.-Major being a life-service man. During the recent trouble, although the controversy was carried right inside the jail, these fellows stood firm by the British Army, and when they heard of my proposed visit, they desired that I should visit them. I wished to do so myself. But it was found impossible. And so here they send me the following modest address, neatly, and yet cleverly written and illuminated by this life-service Sergt.-Major himself:—

GREETING:

To General William Booth.

Dear General,

We the undersigned, herewith tender to you our love and good wishes.

As Providence does not permit us to be personally with you in your campaign, nevertheless we shall be in spirit with you in prayer. May God abundantly bless you and prolong your life for many more years to come, are our earnest and sincere wishes.

The Members of the San Quentin Salvation Army Corps.

Adolph Braun, 16,367.

Night, 8 o'clock. Left San Francisco in a rush. John Wesley is reported to have never in his life been in haste, but never in his life, either. This is I think, characteristic of this campaign. Not only every hour, but every minute seems to bring its accompanying duty. There is not a moment to waste. I think that I have so far labored in a city with much greater energy and enthusiasm than I have never left with much greater reluctance. From the first welcome by the Mayor of Oakland, to almost the last sympathetic word addressed to me in the shaking hands with the Bishop of California, the strangers, and comrades have combined to express their respect for the Army and their good wishes for its success. My dear people said "farewell" at the depot in a long continued storm of hallooings, the waving of handkerchiefs, and crashing of musical instruments, and the like, we were away from them, there, perhaps for ever, as far as this life is concerned, but we are bound to come together again in the next 15 months. But now for our 36-hours' railway ride.

Friday, March 4th.

Still thundering along, through ivy valleys. Now ascending, and then descending the mountains, then passing by rude and rugged rocks, and now through some of the most beautiful and picturesque scenes on the earth. 5 p.m. Ashland is announced—a small township on the side of the mountain, with half an hour for refreshments. A few soldiers and a large crowd have assembled here, and I suppose of the major portion of the population of the charming place. Talked in there for twenty minutes, pushing them up to seek salvation and live for heaven, the good of their fellows, and the glory of God.

And afterwards that the Sergt.-Major of Ashland, who stood before me, had come to me in Mississippi on my first visit to the States twelve years ago, got converted a fortnight afterwards, and there he is in full uniform, doing good to the Army to-day.

On board the train with us is a soldier converted at and for a time belonging to the Clapton Congress Hall, but now resident in the States. He travelled 620 miles to attend the San Francisco meeting, and he is now going 700 or 800 miles with us to Canada. There can be no question about his interest in the Army or in the General. I hope he will not be a blessing that will send him fighting for God all the rest of his journey through life.

5 p.m. Another way-side meeting. It was only a three minute stop, but the conductor held the train for me to speak. The platform was packed with people, and a bank opposite. There was a great shouting and cheering, and a hustling among the crowd before I made my appearance, and then all was hushed into perfect silence while I had a word with them about their souls.

Thursday, March 4th.

A long night, but not a very restful one: the rocking and bumping of the car was something dreadful. Had hardly got interested in the morning before Colonel Lawley came in brandishing a telegram

just received from San Francisco, describing the night's meetings after 10 p.m. "All halls full, twenty souls." Hallelujah! That pleased me immensely. Said a word to the conductor, who was a good many strangers. Said a word to Dr. Hill's house. Dr. Hill is a leading Presbyterian minister.

10:30 a.m. Officers' meeting. Had a good night's sleep with 20 officers of an army, loyal, and devoted a spirit as are to be found with in the four corners of the Army.

Night. Soldiers' meeting. A lively waking-up, and sanctifying time.

## Diamond Dust

IF YOU SIN AGAINST GOD'S LAW, YOU WILL SOON EXPERIENCE GOD'S WILLS AGAINST SIN.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD WILL COME WHEN CHRISTIAN NATIONS BECOME NATIONS OF CHRISTIANS.

THE BEST REFORMERS THE WORLD HAS EVER HAD ARE THOSE WHO HAVE COMMENCED WITH THEMSELVES.

SEEK THE HOLY SPIRIT IN THE MORNING, AND YOU WILL NOT NEED ANOTHER SORT OF SPIRIT IN THE EVENING.

LATE AT THE BILLIARD-TABLE ON SATURDAY NIGHT IS NOT A HELPFUL PREPARATION FOR THE LORD'S TABLE ON SUNDAY MORNING.

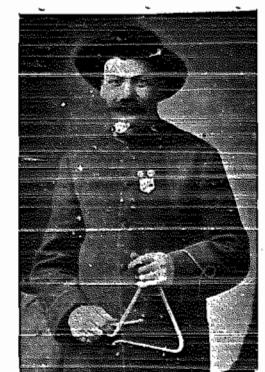
SHOW A SINNER THAT YOU ARE CONCERNED ABOUT HIM, AND THEN HE WILL GET CONCERNED ABOUT HIMSELF.

WHEN THE WEEK-NIGHT PRAYER MEETING IS ALL RIGHT, THE SUN DAY SERVICES WILL NOT BE ALL WRONG.

IT IS A FEARFUL THING TO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF A LIVING GOD, BUT IT IS A BLESSED THING TO PUT YOURSELF THERE.

EVERY MAN SHOULD BE SAINTLY, AND EVERY SAINT SHOULD BE MANLY.

THE NOBLEST PASSION IS COMPASSION.



DAN SUTHERLAND, CALGARY.

Our candidate is a well-known character in and about the vicinity of Calgary. He has achieved considerable notoriety by reason of the number of times he came to the penitent form before "getting right." His attempts numbered over one hundred previous to his conversion, which he passed when Dan sought the pardon of his sins, and he has since given every evidence of having at last been soundly converted to God. His ability with the instrument he holds in his hand has earned for him the name of "Triangle Dan."

# THE TERRITORIAL FINALE

→ TO ←

# THE GENERAL'S TOUR.

The West Sustains its Reputation for Stupendous Achievement.

A LOCAL OFFICER'S VALOROUS EXPLOIT AT GRAND FORKS—WINNIPEG WINDS UP WITH A NOR'-WESTER OF ENTHUSIASM.

**H**MAGINE yourself on the water, on board an Atlantic Liner, ploughing the sea at the rate of miles an hour, but instead of the dark green ocean all around, a complete, plain-like covering of white, and you have at once the picture—substituting the train for the steamer—it is North-West prairie in snow. It is a desert of whiteness, occasionally relieved by a way-side log hut, a drove of cattle, in size like that of a man's hand, as seen from the car, or a lonely belated sledger-driver making for some out-of-sight farm. It is a region of cold, where neither blizzard nor fury call the necessary restraining power.

#### We tumbled right into a blizzard

in this lonely track 300 miles West of Grand Forks. Our train was delayed ten hours in consequence and we thus missed the Minneapolis mail train going North to Winnipeg, at the intermediate place where we had to remain over night.

I had described a blizzard before. This one was somewhat different, however, for it kept us locked in the embraces of a snowed-up pass. Fortunately no other accident otherwise marred the journey, excepting the fact that the party, postponing the warming of the brakeman, essayed to examine the snow-plough, got buried for two minutes in a snow drift. These snow drifts resemble sin—very alarming, inviting, and

**Apparently Free from Danger Until You Walk into Them,**

and then—down you go. The Secretary will remember the snow drift.

After the snow drift, a freight train was reported in a fix. We had to reverse our engine, and the engine had to sail West by itself to bring up another plough and a relieving party—Involving a delay of another three hours. We were here, however, hoys, these prairie crew—faces like flint, hands like iron, and physiques like granite walls. Talking with one, he said that he had not been inside a church for seven years.

But we got to Grand Forks. An interesting little town of Forks. Population 12,000, located on the North side of the Red River, practically only ten years old.

#### A Lesson to D. O. & F. O.

At 10:00 a.m. we got a wire on the cars, signed by Dr. J. R. Church, to the following effect:

"Dr. Church.—You cannot get to Winnipeg to-night. May I arrange meeting here?"

At 11:30 we replied:

"Dr. Church.—Have not yet abandoned hope of catching connection for Winnipeg. If possible, however, will gladly do a meeting. Rush all necessary arrangements.—General."

We hadn't the slightest idea when we despatched that message who Dr. Church was. We only knew that there was neither P. O. nor telegraph, and that the general crowd they would all at Winnipeg.

The train reached Grand Forks at 4 p.m. There was a crowd, but only one man in it that attracted notice. He was powerfully-built, looking 60, though actually under 40. A bronzed warrior, broad-faced till he smiled, and then his eyes and speech made the face a vivid picture of energy, ecstasy, ability, tact. He was Dr. Church. He was the Treasurer of the corps.

Like a lion: "Welcome to Grand Forks, General. Delighted. Sorry for Winnipeg, but the Lord is in it. It's all right. Here, John, take the General to the hack. Bill throw the valises into the car. Hurry, take the Secretary to the car. Hurry, take the General and Commissioner to my house. That's right. I guess we're about straight for to-night. I've got the biggest church in the place for the meeting. You will have to speak on the Army, General. Rev. Gifford will be chairman. Do the people know?"



COMMISSIONER NICOL AND COLONEL LAWLEY MAKE MERRY OVER THE UNPARALLELED VICTORIES OF THE GENERAL'S CAMPAIGN IN OUR TERRITORY.

Everybody knows, I got it into the evening papers. The boys have been round the city with dodges, and got it announced in all the papers—children are the chiefest and best advertisers in the world. Don't fear. We have no charges. We will pack the building."

"Who is Dr. Church?" asked the General, smiling with delight at his local inquisitor who in this instant had jumped into the conversation and burst into the breach.

The General was soon provided with an answer—Church is a Veterinary Surgeon, was born among the Thousand Islands, Canada, his mother was Scotch, father English, father was a Vet, and brought up his boy to the same profession. The boy at 16 was witness to a fight, but rather than obey God in all things and dropped religion, came West, succeeded in business, married, made money, drank it, for ten years consumed a dollar in whiskey, a night, and a dollar in beer. These years ago he entered the Army barracks. Captain said something which reminded him of his mother, was

convicted of sin, same night God delivered him three weeks ago. Said inquisitor ever since. Best known man in and around Grand Forks, model treasurer, a lesson in this particular crisis to any doubting Thomas of a D. O. or F. O. that the local officer does require backtracking. Give them fair play inside reputation and they will set the prairie on fire.

#### A sumptuous Meal.

The Doctor overdid it, but the over-flowing generosity of his host fed him well, though he forgave it, and did not do it again. The spread was bewildering. The Secretaries, who are in danger of getting chicken in all shapes and sizes, as a necessary of existence were amazed. For supper I observed a Oyster pie, a cold ham, a cold ham, a cold ham, 100 oranges, apples, bananas, tea, coffee, cream, etc., etc. But all alike were moderate. In fact, we belong to the "moderate party."

The Grand Forks corps is in a credit-

able condition and affords a fine illustration of the successful workings of one of the principles which has given the United States such a commanding position in the evolution of the world. I call it the doctrine of assimilation. If the body assimilates well, and is not overloaded, it becomes healthy and vigorous. In North Dakota you have the best of all the breeds. See, a variety of races—Swedes, Norwegian, Germans and Russians—with the result that you have growing up here evidently a fine race. I was told that

#### The Sea of a Bohemian

took our baggage to the bogey, a Norwegian drove the General to his billet. Said the General, "I have seen an Englishman led one of the party to a hairdresser, and a Scotchman—the illustration would not be perfect—without looked after "the bairns." And just as under the American Constitution representatives of all nations come together to share in privileged laws, and protection, so under our Salvation Umbrella all peoples are learning to love each other and live for each other in the spirit of the Son of Man.

Grand Forks is an International corps, has an International spirit, and is yet true to itself and true to the State and country under which it fights.

#### An Outstanding Chairman.

The Rev. Gifford, Pastor of the M. E. Church, kindly placed at the General's disposal, was the General's best man. He was the creation of Mr. Gifford, and said, "Here is the church do with it what you like, make yourself at home. Have you all billets? If not go to the hotel at my expense. General Booth is, I reckon, the world's preacher. He deserves to have the best that Grand Forks can place at his disposal."

Though he had two marriage ceremonies to perform between 7:30 and 8 p.m., the rev. gentleman was at the church "on time," and placed in the War Cry. Commissioner Nicol had four friends in support of his (the Rev. Gifford's) contention that prohibition was a benefit to the State. North Dakota, it seems, is under the prohibition tick. He argues that although Ohio is considered one of the richest States in the Union, it is not under prohibition shows, proportionately, a much better state of prosperity—a prosperity attributable to prohibition. The contrast is certainly suggestive. Here are the figures which Mr. Gifford gave: Total value of the products of wheat, oats and corn per family, \$78. North Dakota—Do. \$80. Ohio—Total value of horses, cows, sheep, oxen and hogs per family, \$102. North Dakota—Do. \$125. Ohio—Total amount of beer consumed per family, 100 barrels. North Dakota—Do. \$10. Ohio—about seven of a barrel. In fact, they have one school teacher for every 25 families. In North Dakota one teacher for every 12 families. Moral: Not drink spells prosperity. There is a lot in it.

#### A Fine Meeting.

The church was crowded to the door. Splendid audience. Preliminaries were short. The General went A. L. He had a great speech. People held him with his very humorous, triumphant style. One man describing to another at the depot next morning, the meeting, said, "Oh, he is quite different to what I expected. The General composed, you know, stop, I mean, he didn't intend to win all the time. He hasn't to hunt for an hour for a word. The finish was rich in feeling and Divine power, the General having completely won the confidence and interest of the crowd, charged with enthusiasm, and God spoke through him.

Naturally the Field Commissioner was in a state of semi-agony all the time. Her heart was yearning to comfort her disappointed officers and soldiers at Winnipeg—still Grand Forks was a consolation.

Next a.m. the General left on time for Winnipeg. The day was delightful.

**KLONDYKE SUNDAY** THE NEED IS URGENT. WILL YOU HELP? **APRIL 17th.**

## WINNIPEG.

## A Disappointment Converted into a Great Triumph.

## A REGULAR HOW-Western of ENTHUSIASM.

We got to Winnipeg at last. A word about this city. No river runs through it. No mountain, not even a mole-hill surrounds it. It is as level as a table. And yet it truly a pretty city—at least as we saw it on the afternoon of the Northern Pacific drew near in our sight. Nature was the painter that lent a charm to its setting on the Prairie. The sun shone on it—shone on its long-stretching broad thoroughfares, and on its miles of residential mansions, built in a circle as round as the eye can see. And when you behold snow, snow, snow, everywhere vaulted by the richest blue sky—a trinity of colors, the sheeny rays of the sun, the pure-like carpet of snow, and the blue, blue heavens. It was the trinity which made Winnipeg look so charming when we entered it.

But this is by the way. It is not the city we have come to see—it is the people who live in it. Where are they? We have not far to go for them, for scarcely had the General, led by the Field Commissioner, got off the cars before the platform was

## Dance with People.

A foot-way with difficulty was cleared. The General walked towards the South end. Gathered in the form of a circle were 200 or 300 Salvationists. About them were 2,000 or 3,000 people, who were of the right way. The Mayor—ready as soon as the divine explosion of North-Western enthusiasm had subsided, to extend a hand of welcome to our venerable leader. "General," said the Mayor—bright, frank, sympathetic young man of 35. "We welcome you to Winnipeg. I do it for myself, for the Aldermen, and for the city. I heard you three years ago. You look younger than you did then. I congratulate you." This was the substance of a real little speech.

The General's reply was what a certain prophet would call an inspiration. A humorous reference to the blizzard and the snow drifts, the General reminded the crowd—who beamed on him with pleasure—of his previous visit, of his object, and then the inevitable. One real-like smile, the back-slder was still weeping over the gap which the spirit of envy and hatred had made in his life. "Sin is murderous!" the poor fellow cried. But salvation proved the cure that afternoon, though it cost him the price of a coat.

The meeting at which the above happened was twofold in its effect. It was a revelation and an inspiration to the officers and soldiers, and a seathing exposure of the pretences which the average professor of Christianity holds in his heart. For the first time, I may I have been permitted to make the obvious remark that we are human. The 70 officers brought up from their mountain, mining, prairie, and agricultural corps, wanted to see their General and hear him talk. As a man who loves him, the General of course did not stop at the door of the depot, but went down with sin and up with salvation. Standing in the snow—(where is that Secretary? No overshoe again)—with bare head, his whitening hair and tall form presenting a figure in itself of patriarchal grandeur, the General, for the first time, smiles and appeals to the conscience with his old-time vigor and compassion. Look at him, and you understand the why and wherefore of the Salvation Army. It is the creation of a prophet—it is the work of God.

## Long Live the General!

The Field Commissioner looks ecstatic—and feels the scene. The band boys blow a gale of music, the soldiers a volley of amens, the crowd a Canadian "hoo-hoo," and the General is driven on to Mrs. Ashdown's, the Secretary turns for a moment, smiles and appeals to the conscience with his old-time vigor and compassion. Look at him, and you understand the why and wherefore of the Salvation Army. It is the creation of a prophet—it is the work of God.

## A Strange Price for a Clean Heart.

The General, owing to the break-down referred to, was only able to do two meetings and an audience of course. The first was in the "House" and the Open House. The house was crowded before the hour of commencement by the majority of the ministers, the leading Christians, and all classes and conditions. In fact, it was received as an audience of the camp-meeting, and an object worthy of the closest study, that a meeting such as the General led on this particular afternoon is sure to contain many backsliders and runaways from the Army in the Old Country.

While I was leaving the Shelter in Winnipeg, I met an old Salvationist acting as orderly, who had just been picked up and returned to God. An inmate of the night before was once a prominent soldier of the famous Gretna Corps, London, England. "I came—miles to see you, General," said the brother of a Salvation Army Colonel, as

## He Stood Before the General, Weeping.

"I once was a good Salvationist, and played my fiddle to Timmy Dodee in the Christian Mission days. Why am I not saved? Ah! where?"

Tim is a heart-touching case. I'm not certain of actual particular, but I think, substantially, they are as follows:—A. B. was, 14 years ago, a local officer in the Old Country; fought, suffered and conquered for Christ. For years loved the open-air in his own life; sold War Crys in the past, collected sevens of his for our funds. A Capital, he said, of

fended him, and he took to criticizing and left off praying; he could not do without the Salvation Army, he thought; he then applied to them for his uniform, resigned, joined a chapel; when, to his amazement, the Salvation Army prospered. He attended special meetings led by the General and Chief-of-Staff—loved them, was refused times to come and play, was refused times to number. The place got too hot for him, he emigrated, selected a lonely tract of land on the lonely prairie, invested capital in the land, but harvest followed bad harvest, and he lost his mortgaged his property and office, ad vice. Once he entered Winnipeg for supplies, called at Shelter and bought a Cry, it contained an announcement of the General's visit; the memory of the heart burned with the spirit of God; he liked it like a detective, he returned to his lot, but accentuated the loneliness of his soul; he resolved to go to Winnipeg when the General arrived in his city; he might get restored to his car favor. He had no money to buy his ticket, and while alone on the prairie gilding his few cattle to a patch of feed he got on his knees,

## Made up His Mind to Sell His Mule,

with the proceeds he reached Winnipeg, only to find that the General was snowed up, remained another day; after resisting the Spirit in a strange almost unaccountable manner for half an hour, the former local officer resolved to do his first work over again, and long after the General had closed his first meeting, the back-slder was still weeping over the gap which the spirit of envy and hatred had made in his life. "Sin is murderous!" the poor fellow cried. But salvation proved the cure that afternoon, though it cost him the price of a coat.

The meeting at which the above happened was twofold in its effect. It was a revelation and an inspiration to the officers and soldiers, and a seathing exposure of the pretences which the average professor of Christianity holds in his heart. For the first time, I may I have been permitted to make the obvious remark that we are human. The 70 officers brought up from their mountain, mining, prairie, and agricultural corps, wanted to see their General and hear him talk. As a man who loves him, the General of course did not stop at the door of the depot, but went down with sin and up with salvation. Standing in the snow—(where is that Secretary? No overshoe again)—with bare head, his whitening hair and tall form presenting a figure in itself of patriarchal grandeur, the General, for the first time, smiles and appeals to the conscience with his old-time vigor and compassion. Look at him, and you understand the why and wherefore of the Salvation Army. It is the creation of a prophet—it is the work of God.

## How Came 150 Miles Just to Gaze into His Eyes?

and follow him as he strides from one end of the platform to the other. I have only once seen him before—I may never see him again. He speaks to my soul as no human being does."

Now this testimony, with variations, could be multiplied by the bushel. The General was looking at me.

"We may also judge of the effect of these meetings, of which this afternoon's was a fair type (it was far from an average in point of results), from the following dialogue between one of the General's Staff and a minister who was present:

"Minister—"I have had a treat. I went to hear your General preach this afternoon—he was grand."

"The Salvationist—"Have you only just discovered it? Did he do you good?"

"The M.—"He upset me."

"The M.—"I went to hear the General with two-fold purpose—to hear the General, and to ready him with a view to learning something from him that will help me in my ministry."

"The S.—"And did you learn?"

"The M.—"I made up my mind that I would cancel a series of sermons I had been preparing."

"The M.—"That I don't know. I would give all the world if I had it to be able to say what the General said this afternoon: to lean over his desk as he did at the close of his weighty sermon and say to the class, where are you going to do with this sermon? Are you going to act on it? Will you die for Christ now?"

"The S.—"That's what I can't do."

"The M.—"Why not?"

"The M.—"Because I have no leaders to go with me, no people to do."

"The S.—"Make some."

"The M.—"They won't."

"The S.—"What do they exist for?"

"The M.—"Oh, they want me to preach six sermons to prove that science does not conflict with the Bible."

The S.—"Of course you won't be able to prove anything of the kind. I suppose, you know?"

"The M.—"I hadn't thought of my subject so negatively as that. You don't suggest that God and nature are in antagonism?"

"The S.—No, not—but God and science are, naturally, all right. When men interpret it without founding their interpretations on Divine revelation they go astray. That's science—let it alone, don't touch it."

## Science Won't Save a Man.

The M.—"No, sir; you are quite right, and I am going to give up these sermons."

Such is one result, significant as indicating the outside influence the General is exercising on the people. In days to come other will meet with fruit from it.

Let's pray that the dear pastor's people will get the science in the sermons that puts the heart right, and not that which hambooses so many as to drive them to drink and worse."

The third meeting was a great affair. The Mayor presided. The General was in fine form. Enthusiasm ran high. There was some fine speaking at the close. The subject of the meeting was mainly social. The Winnipeggers believe in our "Sister" work. We have three branches of it—sisterhood, nursing, a Foddy and Shelter hotel, a Wood Limit and Yard, and a Rescue Home. All are prosperous and self-supporting, and meeting a local need.

Two eminent divines seconded the vote of the General. Dr. Spangler told this capital story: "When I was last in Edinburgh the Professor of our Presbyterian College was telling me of his attachment to the Army. He was addressing the students and remarked that the soldiers had not yet had a chance to adapt themselves to the needs of the people more than those of the present were doing, if they were to be successful.

## Otherwise Such Arguments as the Salvation Army Would!

The Professor did not get further with his lecture for a few minutes, for that master peculiar to students, theological as well as medical, they shuffled their feet over the floor, coughed, laughed and otherwise interrupted the teacher. The Professor took their protest calmly, waited until they had quieted down, and then said, "We are here to help you when you will think differently of this noble, Christ-like organization, young men." That was spoken in the days when the Army was not recognized as it is to-day—as it is in Winnipeg to-night."

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## PARS. FROM THE EDITORIAL PEN.

"Auntie Wright's" 400,000 Readers.

THE stirring story of Auntie Wright's life, told by Corps Correspondent Minnie Kennedy, in the War Cry recently became a success in the Social Gazette, which means that Mrs. Kennedy has reached a circle of readers numbering 400,000. Is not such a privilege worthy of our most painstaking efforts?

\* \* \* \* \*  
New Industrial Home.

A company with Mrs. Read, Major Stewart, and Major and Mrs. Smeeton, I recently paid a visit of inspection to the new Industrial Home for Women, at Yorkville, N. Y., and can assure you that it is a most fine place. It is a home for Rescue work I have ever seen, and reflects great credit on those who designed such a commodious and convenient place. We will produce a good illustration of the Home at the time Miss Miss Booth formally opens it.

\* \* \* \* \*  
For Corps' Correspondents.

1. Write with ink on one side of paper.
2. Use plenty of paper—leave an inch on the left and a half border all round the matter.
3. Give the facts.
4. Make sure they are facts.
5. Include on each corps report the number of War Crys received at the corps.
6. Also include the names of the officers in charge.
7. Give the full name and address of the writer.

\* \* \* \* \*

## The American Field.

COLONEL HOLLAND, our late Chief Secretary, is doing valiant service as General Commissioner of the War, and thus refers to the United States in a recent letter—"This is a mighty country for the Salvation Army. I very much question if there is such another in the world. We have three very great advantages—the English language, free institutions, and a big population. You will be glad to know we are taking advantage of our opportunities and that the Army work is steadily but surely advancing in every respect."

\* \* \* \* \*

## Our Latest and Most Popular Song.

PROPHESY a good deal of popularity for Prof. Hawley's new song, "From the General down to me." It appeared in the New York Cry of March 1st, and is expected to reappear in our Pacific Coast editions at an early date. I have sent a copy to Major Etherington, the Australian Editor-in-Chief, and another to Brigadier Bruntell, of Melbourne, who will set the song immediately. Prof. Hawley, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., will do well to favor us with some more of his stirring compositions. In the meantime those who want copies of "From the General down to me," as it appeared in this War Cry a few weeks ago, can obtain the same for 10c. each on application to the Trade Secretary.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Salvation Army Barracks vs. Nurseries.

PROMINENT Staff Officer thus strongly, although very truly, delivers himself with respect to a frequent source of disturbance at the Army meetings: "It is scarcely to be wondered at that crowds are an uncertain—if not an unknown—quantity in some of our corps, when it is considered to what an extent the meetings are affected by the general public. What with the number about, flitting on their seats, making a noise with papers, etc., etc., several Sunday night meetings have recently been half ruined by this noise. What on earth is the good of advertising a corps, if the effort is going to be spoiled in this way. It scarcely extols the commanding ability of the officer. In many cases the kindliest thing would be to get the parents to put the children to bed early. In my case, however, I prefer them to be there to take care of them. When the children come from the Junior Soldiers' meeting the Junior Soldier officer should be responsible for putting the children together and sending them, as far as possible, to sleep. We people care not a snap of scratch, they do not count on going to a nursery, and it is about time that any S. A. barracks had attained sufficient dignity to be incapable of being regarded as such."

## MISS BOOTH RETURNS TO THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

## Rapid Survey of Her Tour.

OUR blessed leader, the Field Commissioner, returned from his Western campaign on Saturday morning.

Members of the Headquarters' Staff, from as early as 7 a.m., were at the Union Depot at such intervals as it was understood the train conveying the Commissioner would arrive. The soldiers and officers of the Field Commissioners' command are, however, that ever in the estimation of their great leader, and very near his heart.

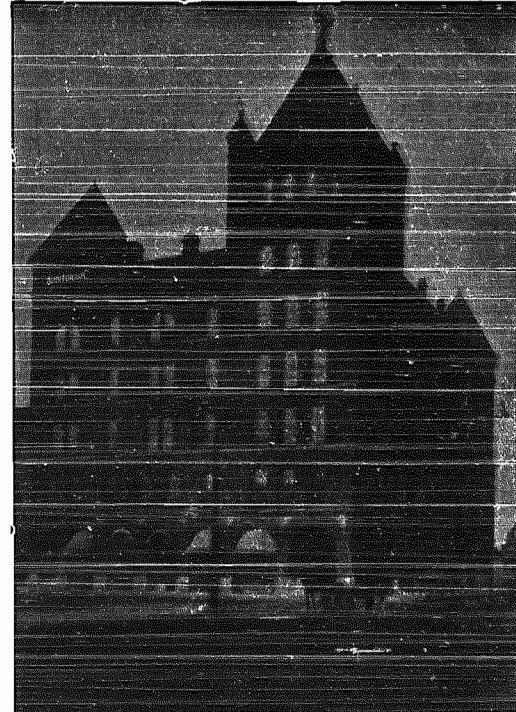
Siege campaigning in the West, and the exposure incidental thereto, had played havoc with the Field Commissioner's

Official all through the journey, and especially of the C. P. R. at Winnipeg; who even mentioned particularly the Forties at Winnipeg.

The General and party, we were glad to learn, left the Territory greatly gratified at the advance apparently seen the previous visit, and there is no doubt that the soldiers and officers of the Field Commissioners' command are, however,

that ever in the estimation of their great leader, and very near his heart.

No part of the Field Commissioner's talk was more thrilling and exciting than the incident which he called "Kingsley's speech." On this subject our leader was stirred to the deepest depths of her great soul.



THE AUDITORIUM, SPOKANE,  
WHERE THE GENERAL'S RECENT MEETINGS WERE HELD.

voices, and she could only speak in a hoarse whisper, but her mind and heart seemed full of intense thoughts and burning enthusiasm. It was even when, a short time after her arrival, a council of war was held, the individuals present found themselves electrified with the story of the tour, as told by the Commissioner herself. Under the graphic and dramatic presentation of the campaign on the leader's lips, they saw the stirring events of the previous five weeks as in a Kaleidoscope, and were moved to tears, or excited to laughter, awestruck or uttering "Hallelujah!" according to the mood of the speaker she lived over again the scenes of the war.

As we listened to the story of stirred cities, jammed halls, melted audiences, mayors, ministers, functionaries and dignitaries, all coming up to the Army, "Go," Miss Booth, shouting from the platform, "and tell the platform sinners crying for mercy, enrolments and allegiances, late trains, ice-cold waiting-rooms, and drives in an atmosphere below zero, we felt the 'half had not been told' in our columns hitherto.

Miss Booth especially wished the writer to mention the goodness of the Railway

she found on her way out that not only hundreds, but thousands and tens of thousands, were en route for Klondyke, and it seemed as if some place in the whole population of the mass was going. The Klondyke delirium possessed them. Young lads who had been to Klondyke swagger around and tell how they made their fortunes. Sitting beside you on the train, a man who had not sold his claim for a million dollars, although he has already got a fortune out of it. One young gentleman told Miss Booth of having gone up there during the summer months. When his eyes became dim, he would lean his head into the crook, strike out his claim, and literally kick up the nuggets till he filled his pockets with them. This, and any number of other stories have been poured into the Commissioner's ears from all sorts of people, who, having been there, have made their pile and are going again.

Unhappily this is only one side of the situation. God put the gold in the Klondyke, and put it there for men, but like every other gift of God, it is liable to abuse. God, many of those who go abuse his goodness, turn His goodness into occasion for sin, and if reports be true, the

moral atmosphere in thick and stenchful to a degree that can scarcely be realized by those who have not seen it. The call for the Salvation Army and any other prophet of righteousness who will go on this account, urgent to the supremest degree. Said one young fellow who had been and returned, "I went to Dawson. I went once, before I went up there. I came back, you know, what goes on. In fact, I never really knew what wickedness was till I went to Dawson. It is past description. Do send some men up there if you can. People are there, and there is no one to offer a prayer for them, unless it be 'Black Jack' takes them down in his time." Time and time again there was poured into Miss Booth's ears the story of the sin which exists, and the need there is of some who will seek the temporal and eternal welfare of the gold-seekers; so that their heart becomes charged with a perfect passion to do something for them, and she could scarce refrain from going right on when she announced that the outcome was the annual telegraphed from Spokane, and the determination to send out the Expedition which that appeal announced.

J. C.

## Love in Little Things.

(See Frontispiece.)

NEITHER small Susie was naturally kind we do not know. Some people actually do not. They do not hold the brotherhood relationship towards their brother man that the majority maintain. Such have found it to be the way to cultivate sympathy and manifest good-will. Those who have found that to be civil is to lose, and that the politeness of kindness makes others take advantage of them. It has usually been the reverse.

There is, after all, a terrible dearth of genuine kindness in the world. Considering the number of people who profess to feel and follow the tenderest Heart the world has ever known.

## Kind People are Astonishingly Rare.

Kind words are not so few. The would-be social reformer sprinkles them through his platform protestations, the would-be mobilizer deals them out in empty condolences, but kindness is dead, and practical helpfulness is disproportionately small.

This is Junior Week, and our front-piece is essentially a children's picture. Whether there is the same degree of thoughtful tenderness in the heart of the world as is displayed in little Susie with her birdlings is very questionable. A child is usually considered to possess a tender heart; than one of older growth, but it is said to notice how many little ones appear to be insatiable. Instead of compassion and to carry within the span of their baby influence, misery rather than mercy.

Since

## Love is Always Kindness.

the Band of Love might be looked upon as a great kindness brigade. What it has done in this direction cannot be estimated. It has brought hundreds of small feelings and fingers to the aid of little Susie's doing, to comprehend and care for helplessness and suffering. This will not be the first time that a little child has led the way and taught the wisdom of the world lessons in gentler things.

The magnitude of influence which hangs upon the tender teaching of a child cannot be recognized by those who remember the hand which feeds a featherbed, but which does not clutch against other want. In days to come, but manifest the spirit of brotherly, sisterly consideration which in God's sight ranks next to the love of Heaven.

COMING SOON!

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In and about with London's League of Mercy. Incidents of the late Fatal Catastrophe, with photos of members.

\*\*\*

Mrs. Staff-Captain Phillips. A character sketch, with photo.

\*\*\*

Scenes sketched from the War Experience of Adjutant Coombs, of London, with photo.

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## OFFICIAL NOTICE.

KLONDYKE  
SUNDAY.NOTICE TO ALL PROVINCIAL, DISTRICT  
AND FIELD OFFICERS.

In view of the urgent need for finances to fit out the Klondyke Expedition, the Field Commissioner has decided to set apart APRIL 17th as

## KLONDYKE SUNDAY,

in which this need will be brought before our congregations and the public generally throughout the Territory, and special collections taken on behalf of the Expedition.

(Signed)

J. E. MARQUETTS,  
Territorial Secretary.

## GAZETTE.

## PROMOTIONS—

ENSIGN PATTERSON, of Vancouver Shelter, to be Adjutant.

ENSIGN BARR, New Whatcom District, to be Adjutant.

ENSIGN MILNER, of Nelson, to be Adjutant.

ENSIGN WOODRUFF, of Bute, to be Adjutant.

ENSIGN WALTON, of Spokane, to be Adjutant.

CAPTAIN WOOLLAM, of Spokane Reserve Home, to be Ensign.

CAPTAIN STAIGERS, of Spokane Shelter, to be Ensign.

CAPTAIN STANBURY, of Billings, to be Ensign.

CAPTAIN MAY, of Missoula, to be Ensign.

LIEUTENANT PRENTICE, of Pacific Province, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT HAAS, of Wallace, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT MILLER, of Mt. Vernon, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT BARRAGER, of Grand Forks, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT SHEKIN, of Hamilton II, to be Captain.

## APPOINTMENTS—

ENSIGN WOOLLAM, of Spokane Reserve Home, to Boxman.

ENSIGN STAIGERS, of Spokane Shelter, to Dilloo.

## MARRIAGE—

CAPTAIN JAMES CROMARTY, who came out from New Westminster, B. C., and last stationed at Winslow Shelter, to CAPTAIN E. GIBBS, who came out from St. Catharines, Ont., on March 10th, 1893.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,  
Field Commissioner.

## Coming Events

## PACIFIC PROVINCE.

## BRIGADIER HOWELL

will visit: Victoria, B. C., April 9, 10, 11; Nanaimo, April 12, 13; New Westminster, April 14, 15; Vancouver, April 16, 17; New Whatcom, April 18; Mt. Vernon, April 19; Spokane, April 20, 21; Revelstoke, April 23rd, 24th.

## STAFF-CAPTAIN TURNER

will visit: Victoria, B. C., April 9, 10, 11; Nanaimo, April 12, 13; New Westminster, April 14, 15; Vancouver, April 16, 17; New Whatcom, April 18; Mt. Vernon, April 19; Spokane, April 20, 21.

## C. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

ENSIGN PERRY, Sydney, April 10, 11; Glace Bay, April 12; Sydney Mines, April 13.

13; North Sydney, April 14; New Glasgow, April 15; Pictou, April 15, 17; Clinton, April 18; Summerside, April 18; Charlottetown, April 19; Pugwash, April 20, 21; Oxford, April 22; Parrsboro, April 22; Springfield, April 22; Grand Narrows, April 23; Victoria, April 23; Moncton, April 23; Newcastle, April 23.

CAPTAIN COLLIER—Essex, April 9, 10; Windsor, April 11; South Woodslee, April 12; Comber, April 13; Staples, April 14; Tilbury, April 15; Chatham, April 16, 17; Thamesville, April 18; Bowdoin, April 19; Newbury, April 19; Vernon, April 20; Dresden, April 20; Wallaceburg, April 21; Port Lambton, April 22; Courtwood, April 22; Sarnia, April 27; Petrolia, April 28; Glenara, April 29.

CAPTAIN CUMMINS—Brooklyn, April 5; Port Perry, April 6; Lindsay, April 9, 10, 11; Uxbridge, April 12, 13.

ENSIGN SIMS—Pearlston, April 7, 8; St. Albans, April 9, 10, 11; Burlington, April 12, 13; Barre, April 14, 15; St. Johnsbury, April 16, 17; Newport, April 18; Sherbrooke, April 19, 22; Coaticook, April 23, 24; Chesterfield, April 25; Kempville, April 27; Ottawa, April 15, 16; Moscow, April 10.

ADJUTANT HAY—Kamloops, April 5; Nelson, April 6; Rosedale, April 7, 8; Spokane, April 9-10; Lewiston, April 15, 16; Moscow, April 10.

W

WHAT ABOUT

## An Appeal to

BY THE FIELD C



ITH excited brain, burning heart and eager fervency of each being to no small degree into an uncontrollable agitation and haste, I find within half an hour of my return home, at my door. Already the Klondike maps, with their clearly-marked goals are stretched on my right, the Disposition of Forces upon my left, and betwixt the two, seeming to form a "pass" crossing all distance and difficulty, there lies a sheet of paper bearing the names of Officers who have volunteered to plant the Flag in Dawson City.

The ringing shouts from a hundred throats of the on-trains hailing the passing of the cars of my late journey, heaped-up packages, all carrying gold-seekers' outfit, to the depots that one could easily imagine themselves on the their endeavors to pick their way round and through them.

## THE DISCORDANT MEDLEY,

composed of somewhat pathetic whining, savage growls, frantic barking of a hundred dogs, caged and labelled "Kings" Cities painted, not alone "in red," but every other color to help to declare, in flaming placard and poster, the topic. The parading of yoked-oxen, which at the swing of the hand, remarkable perception, turn in prompt obedience to any bidding of their masters, without further direction from me word. But above all the mighty moving mass of mixed humanity not only that which my eyes have seen, but my mind has a concourse contributed to by so many nations, numbering thousands, embracing every class of society, every calling, position, and I think I might say almost every kind of sin.

## SOME OLD, SOME YOUNG, SOME RECKLESS,

some who have jumped at the possibility of fortune to bring gladness long lost in sorrow, and thousands having given everything to stake their very life upon what is after all but

The tumult of these sounds—the cry of these people, trated the solemnity of my most sacred moments, being in the seasons of my quiet and solemn thought, and have given fervency to my prayers. What I have myself seen, the enormity of the need has made such indelible impress upon and mind of the magnitude of the opportunity for God and that the restlessness of my spirit to stake Salvation's cause known no abating even in sleep, for then am I either pro path across the trails, getting through Five-Finger Rapids, little band of faithful officers, or else helping to fix up the Flag and strike the song for the salvation of the Dawson City.

I think it was the tears in that rough man's eyes—just returned from the gold-diggings—that first intensified conception of the need. Perhaps something about the huskiness of his voice, a mingling of pathos and bitter tones, as he told me:—"No one could have had a better than mine. I was real good before I went, but, aye, Mi you, an angel couldn't keep good in Dawson City!"

BOMBARD THE CITADEL OF MEN'S CONSCIENCE WITH GOD'S TRUTH.

BOMBARD THE THRONE OF GOD WITH YOUR PRAYERS AND FAITH.

# WHAT ABOUT THE KLONDIKE?

## An Appeal to Christian World.

BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER, MISS BOOTH.

**W**ITH excited brain, burning heart and eager fervency of each being to no small degree interrupted out of sight, was looking still, through his story, into the heart of an uncontrollable agitation and haste, I find that city whose sin is already so rampant that even a sinner acknowledged that it took more than angel's strength to keep and guard within half an hour of my return home, at my knowledge that it took more than angel's strength to keep and guard. Already the Klondike maps, with their clearly-marked guides, amidst evils so brazen, and temptations so subtle and strong, are stretched on my right, the Disposition of Forces spread upon my left, and betwixt the two, seeming to form an *avenue* failed to do, and in Dawson City the love of Calvary, the story "pass" crossing all distance and difficulty, there lies a sheet of paper bearing the names of Officers who have volunteered to triumph and win, as in the thousands of cities of sorrow and sin, plant the Flag in Dawson City.

The ringing shouts from a hundred throats of the over-trainds hailing the passing of the cars of my late journeying, heaped-up packages, all carrying gold-seekers' outfit, so the depots that one could easily imagine themselves on their endeavors to pick their way round and through them.

I watched him down the street, and long after his brown jacket was out of sight, was looking still, through his story, into the heart of an uncontrollable agitation and haste, I find that city whose sin is already so rampant that even a sinner acknowledged that it took more than angel's strength to keep and guard within half an hour of my return home, at my knowledge that it took more than angel's strength to keep and guard. But God's strength has accomplished what many a time angels upon my left, and betwixt the two, seeming to form an *avenue* failed to do, and in Dawson City the love of Calvary, the story "pass" crossing all distance and difficulty, there lies a sheet of paper bearing the names of Officers who have volunteered to triumph and win, as in the thousands of cities of sorrow and sin, plant the Flag in Dawson City.

But the Klondike maps, Disposition of Forces, and the numerous price lists of outfits spread upon my desk, tell me I am wandering yet I think scarcely so. For giving but a bird's-eye view of this, flung open door of vast and exceptional opportunity will agitate the pulse of Christian sympathy for the souls of men—sympathy which must dwell in the breast of every man whose feet tread

### THE DISCORDANT MEDLEY,

composed of somewhat pathetic whining, savage growling, frantic barking of a hundred dogs, caged and labelled "Klondike Cities painted, not alone "in red," but every other color help to declare, in flaming placard and poster, the topicalities of the parading of yoked-oxen, which at the swing of the hand, remarkable perception, turn in prompt obedience to any bidding of their masters, without further direction from word. But above all the mighty moving mass of mixed humanity—let some hand of help be held out to the sick and dying not only that which my eyes have seen, but my mind has appointed young and unprotected which are to be found, passed over a concourse contributed to by so many nations, numbering thousands, embracing every class of society, every calling, every fortune, whose hand so bountifully distributes to others. Let some heroes of God's own choosing, throwing afresh their lives at his feet, sacrificing all they hold dear to His service, asking no more than His smile for their hire, will start over the trails with souls touched by a Calvary's passion to win the people for Jesus—

### SOME OLD, SOME YOUNG, SOME RECKLESS,

some who have jumped at the possibility of fortune to be gladness long lost in sorrow, and thousands having given everything to stake their very life upon what is after all but

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### FORGETTING GOD AND GOODNESS,

will be caught in the whirlpool of hell's ever-ready devices to ensnare and damn the soul. Let some heart care for the many sad and disappointed young and unprotected which are to be found, passed over by fortune, whose hand so bountifully distributes to others. Let some heroes of God's own choosing, throwing afresh their lives at his feet, sacrificing all they hold dear to His service, asking no more than His smile for their hire, will start over the trails with souls touched by a Calvary's passion to win the people for Jesus—

### AND SOME WILL.

Such men are ready to jump into the breach for the salvation of the crowds which will throng the Alaskan gold fields, but as their Commissioner, I am responsible for seeing them well armed with all necessary equipments for the battle. I cannot help but ask the friends of God and our world-wide Blood-and-Fire Flag to donate generously towards the expense of the outfit of the expedition, the first half of which will be composed of six men; the remainder of the contingent being women, will follow in June, when better transportation facilities will be at our command.

Whether the whole story of the full struggle which the conflict will entail will ever be told or not, the shout of triumph of battles won will vibrate through the world. In it I shall want you to join, hence I would persuade you to assist in the preparations of the ammunition, and when in the City whose streets are paved with gold, sinners redeemed will thank you as well as me.



Donations of Money, or Articles of Food or Clothing for the above expedition, may be forwarded direct to MISS BOOTH, The Temple, Bert Street, Toronto.

# THE KLONDIKE?

## Christian World.

### IONER, MISS BOOTH.

I watched him down the street, and long after his brown jacket was out of sight, was looking still, through his story, into the heart of that city whose sin is already so rampant that even a sinner acknowledged that it took more than angel's strength to keep and guard him amidst evils so brazen, and temptations so subtle and strong.

But God's strength has accomplished what many a time angels have failed to do, and in Dawson City the love of Calvary, the story of conquering grace, the flood of Jesus' Blood, will cleanse, redeem, triumph and win, as in the thousands of cities of sorrow and sin, where the Blood-red banner has been lifted.

But the Klondike maps, Disposition of Forces, and the numerous price lists of outfits spread upon my desk, tell me I am wandering—yet I think scarcely so. For giving but a bird's-eye view of this flung open door of vast and exceptional opportunity will ignite the pulse of Christian sympathy for the souls of men—sympathy which must dwell in the breast of every man whose feet tread the road leading to the Eternal City of God—a sympathy which will surely let some hand of help be held out to the sick and dying which this rush of thousands so unprepared for, cannot help but mean. Let something be done for those who in the thirst for earthly possessions,

### FORGETTING GOD AND GOODNESS,

will be caught in the whirlpool of hell's ever-ready devices to ensnare and damn the soul. Let some heart care for the many sad and disappointed young and unprotected which are to be found, passed over by fortune, whose hand so bountifully distributes to others. Let some heroes of God's own choosing, throwing afresh their lives at His feet, sacrificing all they hold dear to His service, asking no more than His smile for their hire, will start over the trails with souls touched by a Calvary's passion to win the people for Jesus—

### AND SOME WILL.

Such men are ready to jump into the breach for the salvation of the crowds which will throng the Alaskan gold fields, but as their Commissioner, I am responsible for seeing them well armed with all necessary equipments for the battle. I cannot help but ask the friends of God and our world-wide Blood-and-Fire Flag to donate generously towards the expense of the outfit of the expedition, the first half of which will be composed of six men; the remainder of the contingent being women, will follow in June, when better transportation facilities will be at our command.

Whether the whole story of the full struggle which the conflict will entail will ever be told or not, the shout of triumph of battles won will vibrate through the world. In it I shall want you to join, hence I would persuade you to assist in the preparations of the ammunition, and when in the City whose streets are paved with gold, sinners redeemed will thank you as well as me.



Donations of Money, or Articles of Food or Clothing for the above expedition, may be forwarded direct to MISS BOOTH, The Temple, 107 Street, Toronto.

## Later Happenings of the

# FIELD COMMISSIONER'S WESTERN TOUR.

### A Record-Breaking Victory Scored at Jamestown.

OPERA HOUSE GORGED—THRILLING ADDRESSES—STIRRING SALVATION SCENES—TWENTY-SIX SERVICES.

THE General's meetings, so far as this Territory was concerned, had ended at Winnipeg, and again the party divided—the General advancing towards Minneapolis and the Field Commissioner turning towards Jamestown. Leaving Winnipeg Junction both parties travelled together. Arriving here we found ourselves with five hours to wait for the Jamestown train. The hour was 11 p.m. and snow was driving madly about on the prairie. Little did we know what had been tearing unheeded along for scores of miles and now swept its icy strength around the group of struggling Salvationists grouping their way in the white-speckled gloom over the railway track in a long, low, white building, dignified by the name of "Hotel."

Here

**Amid the Shadows and the Drifting Snow**  
the Field Commissioner bade the General good-bye, and a few minutes later we were straining our gaze to catch the last flicker of the red lamp at the rear car of the train which was bearing him away to his further campaigns. We gazed once more into the darkness, our thoughts following our leader—pondering over the wonderful wisdom and work of his weeks among us, and thinking again what a power of influence he has in the energy and accomplishment of his declining years to the declining century.

#### Sleep—or an Attempt at it—

is the next item on the programme. At 3:30 a.m. the clock struck the hour. We only roused any who were fortunate enough to succeed in the above, and by 4 a.m. we were traversing the deep snow about the tracks once more. The train slowed up in the distance, but to our disappointment came not a conductor, 150 yards outside the depot. At last, however, silvering, we heard the tardy cars, and at 9:40 pulled up at Jamestown. That was a good crowd of officers, soldiers and friends which waited on the platform to meet the Commissioner, and their welcome was enthusiastic and hearty.

Ensign and Mrs. Bailey joined the train at Valley City with their darling little six-month-old child cold in death. They were journeying to Jamestown to bury her. The Commissioner gave her some words of comfort to the bereaved parents. The funeral of the little one took place in the afternoon. Brigadier Gaskin, assisted by Major McMillan, conducted the funeral service. The Ensign and his dear wife were stricken with grief. They were found dying soon after the Ensign, with broken voice, told how the loss of their baby had drawn both Mrs. Bailey and himself nearer to God and heaven. We laid the tiny coffin with its precious jewel in a prairie cemetery to rest until the morning.

Saturday night's meeting was held in the Court House, conducted by Brigadier Gaskin and the Provincial Officer. The place was full and the meeting good—with a collection of over \$10. The Jamestown editor, and a fewough Salvationists and their religion.

How shall I describe the Sunday morning meeting? That Court House had never witnessed such a scene! The writer was not there. The Provincial Officer was delighted. The audience waited and waited alternately. What interested attention they gave to the Commissioner's address, which was in itself marked by strong spiritual influence and power. God's Spirit is a fervent heart. "Let us pray," says the Commissioner, and heads are bowed. Faith is rising, fervent prayer is proving effectual. An elderly man is kneeling at the front. Soft singing rises in faith. Six are claiming the blessing now. Brigadier Gaskin takes the robes. The Commissioner, certaining, lets the throbbing strains of "For You I am praying," and thirteen are forward, which number is increased by ten more, among whom are we believe, sinners of the deepest die.

The Commissioner Leads Husband and Wife to the Clergy Seat

amid the joy shouts of soldiers and the clapping of hands. The meeting closed by the Commissioner praying tenderly, fervently, that each might be kept true to their promises. The warm colors wave over the heads of the praying host of soldiers who had gathered at the front around the Commissioner.

The afternoon and night engagements were held in the magnificent Opera House. In the afternoon the entire city occupied seats on the platform. The building was filled with a splendid crowd. The Commissioner delivered a powerful and practical address, and when the audience was delighted, as well as blessed. The Commissioner's voice showed unmistakable signs of fatigue at the close, which was not lessened by the fact of the severe cold from which she was suffering.

The marked success of the day's earlier engagements had brought up our anticipation and faith to a pitch high for the night's meeting. When the Commissioner advanced upon the stage at 7:10

**The Large Building was Packed to its Utmost Capacity.**

with scores standing at the back quite unable to secure a seat. The stage was filled with soldiers, amongst whom our thankful eye lighted on the convert of the morning. The preliminaries were short. The Commissioner speedily arose to address the massive audience. She was inspired. For over an hour she held the people spellbound. It was no new truth she told—her theme was salvation from sin—an utter severance from all wrong. In tender pleading she besought the sinner to part with unrighteousness. "Leave it now, and leave it forever," she cried.

#### Don't Trifle with Sin.

It is cruel, blighting, damning. There is only one salvation. Only one! One! The blinding light! "Eyes, eyes!" she pleaded with the crowd, nor destined until her strength was exhausted, and her voice gone. We had a stiff fight in the prayer meeting, but victory crowned the herculean efforts, and three precious souls were given to light and liberty, making twenty-six for the day. The income amounted to \$170.

The train which was to bear us to Fargo left at 4 a.m. This left but a very short time for rest. Unfortunately the night had turned bitter cold, and in leaving the heated building our beloved Commissioner caught a fresh chill going home which quite incapacitated her from further public work for some days.

Wednesday morning, the second morning our baggage was checked, and a little later we were on our way to Fargo. The Commissioner had quite lost her voice. The tones which had thrilled the Opera House throne could only now be heard in a whisper, nor was this the worst, for by the time we arrived at Fargo the cold had developed so rapidly that the Commissioner was obliged to go to bed.

A blinding blizzard swept over the prairie, and blew the snow fiercely in the faces of the passers-by. Our hearts were heavy, but we could not but feel that our leader was undergoing.

A splendid crowd gathered in the large hall that had been secured. Despite her weakness the Commissioner insisted on being present, although her voice would not permit her to speak out her heart to the people.

#### Her Face Smiling on Them

was some compensation. Several ministers occupied seats on the platform, including among whom was the Rev. Mr. Macney, the Commissioner's host. Despite the keen and bitter disappointment that the Commissioner's address was not forthcoming God came wonderfully to our aid—the writer did not notice any other, and rejoice before parting over our soul for salvation, and several for holiness and consecration. What the Commissioner suffered at having to disappoint the people it would be impossible to say. It certainly added considerably to the physical pain she was then undergoing.

At 5 o'clock next morning we were again en route.

### PRISONS AND HOSPITALS.

WILL ALL SALVATIONISTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY WHO VISIT PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, SUCH AS PRISONS, HOSPITALS, POOR HOUSES, ETC., WHO DO NOT REPORT THE SAME TO T. H. Q. WRITE TO MRS. READ, SECRETARY FOR THE LEAGUE OF MERCY WORK.







MISSING.

## To Parents, Relations and Friends:-

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; befriends, and if possible, wronged wife, widow, or child, and endeavor to difficult. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA ROOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and make enquiry on the envelope. If possible send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

First Insertion.

264. THOMAS STUBBS. An Englishman. Tall, dark, and a little deaf. About 40 years of age. His wife and family are very anxious about him and are in want. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2019. ANDREW J. CHAMONE. Last heard of in Glencoe, Ont. Dark complexion, dark eyes, quite bald, scar on cheek, age about 55, Englishman. When last enquired spoke of going to Winnipeg, Man. Address, S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

2012. MICHAEL or JOHN WOODS. Formerly from Canada, last heard from in Brooklyn, New York. By making his whereabouts known will be to his advantage. Address, S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3015. MICHAEL, PATSEY and JOHN REEDY. Left Waterford, Ireland for New Brunswick. Patsey and Michael were farmers and would be now nearly 50 years of age. Address, S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3010. JOHN PERRIN. Left Wednesbury, England, 1888, came to Canada. Last heard of when he left Toronto, 13th April, 1871. Age about 70 years. Carpenter and book-keeper. Address, S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3018. GEO. WILLIAM ARMSTRONG. Age 19. Last seen by his mother three years ago. At that time he was a rather stout, stiff built lad and very fair. He left to his mother, Oakville, shortly after his visit. Supposed to be on a farm somewhere. His mother is very anxious to hear from him. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2003. THOMAS or JAMES KARN. Left Bonstigton, County Derry, Ireland, about 35 years ago for Cincinnati, Ohio. The daughter of Samuel Karn is anxious to hear from him. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

Second Insertion.

3003. WILLIAM MITCHELL. Age 12 years, fair hair, slight mark under left eye. Thought to have gone to Montreal. Father enquires for news. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2034. ROBERT FREDERICK MULLETT. Age 24 years, height 5 ft. 10 in. dark and stout. Was a Salvationist some seven years ago in Ontario. Was working in a factory in Dundas. Now married and has two children. He came out of Dr. Barnardo's Home 12 years ago. Was supposed he had gone out of his mind in Toronto. Has lived at Blight and Moscow. Anyone knowing his whereabouts please address Inquiry, Toronto.

2055. MARY ANN LEWIS. Came to Canada in 1876. Supposed to be somewhere in Ontario. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2006. SAMUEL FARNILL. He was taken from Peterborough, Ont., June 21st, 1890. Supposed to be in Canada. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2057. HENRY SYKES. Age 27 years. Last heard of in Toronto. Was then working in a woolen mill. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2058. MRS. J. GALES, nee CURTHIS. Last heard of in Oshawa. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2059. HENRY INGREY. Age 54 years, farm laborer, height 5 ft. 7 in. fair complexion. His last address was care of Mrs. Moore, Fairbanks P. O., York Ont. Sister Sarah enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2060. J. R. RICHARDS. Height 5 ft. 9 in. broad chest, fair complexion, olive skin, short hair, dark eyes. Last heard of in January, 1897. Address then care of Mr. Isaac Korn, Hickson P. O., Oxford Co., Ontario. Mother is broken-hearted because he does not write. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2061. EDWARD and SUSAN FULLER (brother and sister). Left Askan, near Barrow in Furness, Eng., in 1897, for Winnipeg, Manitoba. Mrs. G. White, of Norman St., Great Western Dorby, Eng.,

## SIEGE SONGS FOR JUNIORS' WEEK.

## The Children's Saviour.

Tune.—Blessed Lord (B.J. 51, 1).

1 Bless'd Saviour, Thee Who loves us,  
Thou Who for the children died,  
Bless us as we now are gathered  
In Thy name, the Crucified.  
Wash us Saviour, wash us Saviour,  
Wash us in the cleansing tide.

Blessed Lord, our hearts are panting  
To be filled with more of Thee;  
As we come, oh, make us willing,  
Send the fire and set us free.  
Make us, Saviour, make us, Saviour,  
Make us, Saviour, more like Thee.

◆ ◆ ◆

## Holiness Solo.

Tune.—Safe in the arms of Jesus.

2 In Jesus' name, His people  
Assemble here to-day,  
Known to the world is able  
To answer what we may;  
We're asking, seeking, knocking,  
Thou canst give all we need,  
For strange our souls are thirsting,  
A Good-tide, O Lord, we plead.

Chorus.

Give us a full salvation,  
Send us a cleansing wave,  
Free us from condemnation,  
Jesus can fully save.

This saving, cleansing River  
Makes glad the saints of God;  
It flows for "whosoever."  
This Fountain filled with Blood,  
Brings rest from condemnation,  
Truth to the inward part;  
This river of salvation,  
Makes clean the roughest heart.

For deeper depths of blessing,  
For higher heights above;  
Still length and breadth surpassing,  
There is a sea of love.  
One plunge drives flesh away,  
One plunge sets the soul free,  
For joy, both night and day.

No limit to Thy mercy,  
No limit to Thy power,  
Offered to them this hour:

Tills moment He is saving,  
This moment I believe,  
This moment Thou art cleansing,  
This moment I receive.

Second Chorus.

I have a full salvation,  
I feel the cleansing wave,  
Made free from condemnation,  
Jesus has fully saved

Colonel Lawley.

◆ ◆ ◆

## Hallelujah!

Tune.—Over Jordan (B.J. 17).

3 I'm a soldier of the Lord,  
And I fully trust in God,  
I've been washed in Jesus' blood.  
Hallelujah!  
While I'm fighting for my King,  
I'll make salvation ring,  
And to Jesus sinners bring.  
Hallelujah!

Chorus.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
When our labors here are o'er.

is anxious to hear of them, or address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2029. NATHENY BRAMLEY A. COMB. A native of Yorkshire, Eng., 29 years of age, fair complexion 5 ft. 9 in., 160 lbs. Left home four years ago for Buffalo, All's well if he is now here. American Cry please copy.

2030. HOBES, ISAAC. Age 25, occupation innkeeper and farmer, height 5 ft. 8 in. Missing 15 years. Supposed to have gone to Manitoba. Friends who wish him well desire to know of his condition.

2034. HINTON AUSTIN, or AUSTIN HINTON. Left Wednesbury, Eng., for Halifax or Winnipeg about 16 years ago on the steamship Polyneisa.

2035. OATHOUT, JOHN ELMORE. Young man, dark complexion, raven hair, height 5 ft. 8 in. Supposed to have lost a cataract near the sight of the left eye. When his parents went to the States he was left behind in Canada.

2036. WHEATLEY, W. Age 22, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair complexion. Was in San Francisco in 1894 in partnership running a restaurant. Mother enquires.

2037. HUTLEY, EDWARD. Age 18,

There's a home for us in store,  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Then we'll sing for evermore,  
Hallelujah!

Once in sin I used to be,  
But the Lord took hold of me,  
And from sin I'm now set free,  
Hallelujah!  
For He did not leave us now,  
When His call I did obey;  
All my sins He washed away,  
Hallelujah!

There's a home above for all,  
To Jesus they will call,  
None need to fear the great fall,  
Hallelujah!  
He will place His power within,  
He will keep you free from sin,  
Then with us you'll shout and sing,  
Hallelujah!

◆ ◆ ◆

## Mercy's Call.

Tune.—Way down upon the Swanee River, or, All the world can never console thee (B.J. 167).

4 In love we now entreat you, sinner,  
Your sins forsake;  
Lest they at death should meet you,  
Sinner, Bound for the Burning Lake.

Chorus.

In this day of mercy, sinner,  
Jesus waits to save;  
Life is uncertain, and to-morrow  
You may be in your grave.

Life is at best uncertain, sinner,  
Soon all gone by;  
This night may fall the curtain, sinner,  
And you be called to die.

From all your guilt and sorrow, sinner,  
You can be free;  
You may not see to-morrow, sinner,  
Let Christ your Saviour be.

Major T. C. Marshall,

Editor of All the World.

◆ ◆ ◆

## Prove His Love.

Tunes.—Rejoice in the Lord (B.J. 31);  
Saviour's love (B.J. 63); I believe we  
shall win (B.J. 23).

5 Once again, in the name of the  
King,  
Let me tell you how great is His  
love;

How He died on the cross, peace to bring,

How He reigneth in Glory above.

Chorus.

Come and prove Jesus' love,  
Let His blood wash you whiter than  
snow;  
Come and prove Jesus' love,  
Let His blood wash you whiter than  
snow.

"Twas for all sinful men that He died,  
Even now o'er your sins He doth grieve;  
Still for you flows the blest cleansing  
tide.

And He'll save, if on Him you believe.

Brother, now from your sins turn away,  
 Ere the day of salvation is past;

If to seek Him too long you delay,

Your regrets will be useless at last.

Lorette Dunton.

3004. PLUMHURIDGE, JAMES WILLIAM, alias PHELPS or PHILPOT. Age 23, height 5 ft. 10 in., blue eyes. Supposed to be the owner of a fruit store in San Francisco.

3005. GOBEL, JAMES. Age 28, short and stout, dark complexion. Address 12 months ago L. G. O. Shasta Co., Calif. Thought to have moved to the gold mines. Mother anxious.

3006. HUNT, MRS. or her representative, living in England for Mr. Turner, Warwick, London, Eng.

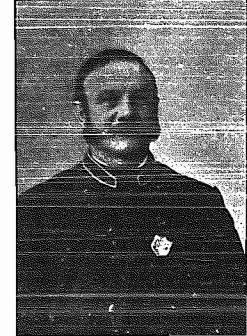
3007. COLLINS, WM. JOHN. Age 44, height 5 ft. 8 in., light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Left Redruth in England for California, in 1879. Last heard of in 1882. Parents enquire.

3008. ROBERTS, D. H. Last heard of five years ago, when he was in San Jose, Calif. By trade he is a mason plasterer, but sometimes worked as a cook.

3009. WILLIAM H. HAMILTON. Farmer of White Lake, County Renfrew, Ontario. Left Caledonia, Ont., in 1885, and went to British Columbia. Last heard of was in Three Forks, in April, 1886. Anyone knowing his whereabouts please address Inquiry Toronto.

3010. WILLIAM SMITH, son of Thomas Smith. Came out to Bytown, U. S. A., 10 years ago, from Belfast, Ireland. Was heard from three years ago. Was then very sick. Has a brother dead and dumb. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

3011. MAGGIE POGSON. Age about 26 years. Was adopted by George and Anna Anna Linn in April, 1876, and living at 203 Main St., West, Hamilton, Ont. Last heard from in 1880. Will she please write her uncle, Benjamin Pogson, Woodstock, Ont.



## TREASURER MASON, SIMON CORPS

Treasurer Charles Mason is an old and tried veteran of the Army.

Always ready with a smile and a word to cheer and encourage the weak.

A father and friend to the Juniors, and a strength and stay to the others, he is deservedly loved by all who know him. He now represents his ward in the Town Council, being voted there by a large majority at the beginning of the year.

## Official Notice.

SOLDIERS AND FRIENDS IN OUR VICTORIAN TORONTO ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO THE NOON MEETING (42 to 1) HELD IN THE JUBILEE HALL, ALBERT STREET, TORONTO, ON MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS.—Brigadier Margetts.

## THE SIEGE.

\*

REMEMBER THE VALUE  
OF UNIFORM.

\*

## WEAR IT.

## THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling  
to the  
OLY COUNTRY,  
we would like to call special attention  
to the fact that we can secure tickets  
for the most popular steamship lines,  
on very favorable terms. Terms  
fully apply to STAFF-CAPTAIN  
SWEATON, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

3008. GOODING—JAMES, JOHN, WILLIAM, MARY and EMILY. James last heard of from Alpine, Mich. His brother Charles is anxious to hear from him.

3009. BLOM, KRISTIAN F. Age 22, native of Norway, sailor. Last heard of in Juba Co., California.

3010. MCALISTER, ROBERT. Left Port Glasgow 12 years ago. Seen in California, four years ago. Sister Isabell enquires.

3011. LAPPIN, THOMAS. Left England 12 years ago. Last heard of as a seaman in San Francisco, five years ago. May now be in Bath Street. Mother and Sister enquires.

3012. ASLIN, ADA. Age 40, tall, blue eyes, light hair. Supposed to have gone from theme to San Francisco. Sister Alice Clegg enquires.

LIFE AND LABORS OF

# James Dowdle

## COMMISSIONER.

### A Biography.

#### CHAPTER VII.

**"Strap Pudding"—The Work at Poplar—The St. Leonard's Music Hall—Saved from the Devil—A Christian Mission Wedding.**

URING James Dowdle's stay in the Poplar District they formed what was called "A Hallelujah Band of Navvies." And many were surprised at the man had all around a body of sin and corruption they embraced joyfully this opportunity of proclaiming the love which had stooped to rescue them. John Alien, "Strap Pudding," "Brandy Clark," "Green-grocer Nobby," and a number of others were announced to sing and give their exertions. They attracted the attention as they went from hall to hall, theatre to theatre, publishing the wonderful things God had done for and in them. Crowds flocked to hear the marvellous stories, and many trophies were won from among the vilest and apparently hopeless.

#### "Strap Pudding."

was a man who had earned his nickname in the following manner. Before he got saved he used to chastise or "strap" his wife with his belt. Instead of appealing to the magistrates, as some women would have done, she, being a resourceful woman, took matters into her own hands.



"He soon recognized his property."

One day the good man left the belt at home. Now was her opportunity. To burn it would be childish. It would not be harsh, by buying another which might be harsher.

She made it into a pudding and sent it to him for his dinner. Thinking it was a beefsteak pudding, he cut and commenced to eat. He was no stranger to tough meat, but this was unaccustomed!—he lifted the crust, peered closely at the brown mass and

#### Soon Recognized His Property.

He never thought his wife was not only marvellous on account of the number of conversions, but also for the class of people reached. From the lowest and most abandoned came the brightest jewels, and it was not long before the leaders of the movement received a visit from this new batch, entitling and encouraging others of the same kind to do us they had done—bring their black hearts and ugly lives to the only One strong enough to change their evil natures and inspire them with pure desires. Through the instrumentality of these saved drunkards, wife-beaters and thieves great

**Gape in the Banks of the Devil**

soon appeared, and there was much joy on earth and in heaven.

From Poplar, James Dowdle was appointed to Shoreditch district.

"This, I found," said James, "to be a nest of vice—jail-birds and keepers of houses of prostitution were specially numerous. God worked mightily even here." One of the first Sundays spent in this district, the "Hallelujah Band of Navvies" kept up open-air meetings all day and at night occupied the St. Leonard's Music Hall. The pews were crowded and the love of salvation rolled over the great throng. Seventeen blasphemers sought mercy on the stage and before very long rejoiced in a glorious deliverance.

It was very difficult for a people completely engrossed in the art of self-contrary to believe that anyone possessed of such broad shoulders and powerful arms as James Dowdle could possibly at one and the same time, be ruled by a meek and gentle spirit; they judged according to their own flesh, and were thus kept in darkness by the sight of the preacher's stalwart proportions.

On one occasion a young man interrupted a speaker in the open-air. One of the mission band spoke kindly to him, at the same time urging him to seek the salvation of his soul. The young man, for reply, threatened to

#### Knock the Missioner Down.

James, who had overheard this threat, said, "If there is to be any knocking down it must be in the ring, and must begin with me: but we will first pray." Before he had time to get upon his knees the man had sneaked away. He had, no doubt, remembered his "strap value." "Discretion is the better part of valor."

In three or four weeks some seventy sinners had sought and found pardon, their names had been registered, and they had also been visited in their homes—the only way rightly to appreciate and

was not lacking in courage, for he replied, "All that I have, but I have a wife and children, and home starvings." A loaf was given him, and he tucked it under his arm and remained listening quietly. As the meeting proceeded the tears began to roll down his cheeks, and when James took his hand and commanded him to pray, this God-forsaken beast, to his knees and as soon as his soul, he offered no resistance. When the meeting ended he took home the loaf, washed himself, and returned to the evening meeting and to the glory of salvation.

#### Got Gloriously Saved from Sin—

lasy-devil included.

It was during stay at Shoreditch that what Commissioner Dowdle describes as "a great and happy outburst" came off. This was his marriage with Sarah Ann Stevens, of Providence Hall, Paddington. Mr. Stevens, as we have already seen, had been a veritable spiritual father to James, and this union with his beloved wife was sealed with a "blessing and affection which had so long existed between them." Miss Stevens had been cradled in piety, and from her thirteenth year had lived in an atmosphere of good work. She was thus fitted to be a helpful comrade in the great battle for souls to which James had consecrated his life.

James had a quiet time at the General—at his own house in Victoria Park, on April 24th, 1859. Thirty-two guests sat down to the wedding feast, and this included nearly all the Evangelists belonging to the mission.

A number of addresses from the General, followed that evening, as he is now by the many—the father of the bride and several others, a very glorious Holy Ghost time followed. That same evening Dowdle preached to a crowded audience in Providence Hall, and God set His approving seal upon the meeting. Bound together for salvation work.

#### Mr. and Mrs. Dowdle Chase Shoreditch

as a suitable spot in which to spend their honeymoon, and these days and weeks flew by in active service, their union being almost immediately sanctified by the salvation of souls. A young woman who had been attending the meetings became very anxious on account of her son, and would not be persuaded to accept Christ as her Savior.

Mr. and Mrs. Dowdle invited her to tea in the newly-formed home, hoping to be able to remove her difficulty.<sup>1</sup> After tea they commenced to pray, and after a struggle which lasted for an hour and a half, the girl vowed herself all upon Jesus and obtained the victory.

Both bride and bridegroom looked upon this as a good omen for future usefulness and gave God the glory.

(To be Continued.)

## Helps for J. S. Workers.

### A Roman Officer and His Servant.

Matt. viii. 5-12.

#### Historical.

**A** CENTURION—a Roman officer in command of one hundred men.

**A** Centurion—From Latin *centurio*, from *centum* (a hundred). One of several centurions of whom none are recorded. His building a synagogue was suggestive of his wealth and plent. See Luke vii, 5. "For he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue." He loved the Jewish nation, and showed himself patriotic by giving them free building to worship God in. No doubt he would help in other special efforts. Special efforts on behalf of the poor or the sick. He would not only erect a synagogue at his own expense, but contributed to the maintenance of the worship there in. Evidence of his contact with Christ had made a great impression upon his mind and heart, as evidenced by his unstinted generosity. He was a good Gentile.

**Character.** This Centurion was a Model of Believing Confidence.

He was cordial in affection, and showed unfeigned love and humility, by which his military rank gave way to conscious poverty before the Lord.

#### Thankfulness.

His outward circumstances and position serving as a testimony to the glory of God.

#### His Interest in His Servant.

"My servant lieth at home sick." This touched the heart of Jesus, who answered, "I will come and heal him." This centurion was a model officer, in a highly exalted character through and through. He told Christ that he was a man under authority, not of wealth, as many quote it. He was anxious to serve not only his country, but his servant. All true greatness can be found in the spirit of service.

#### In His Humility.

"Not worthy." (Note—This was a great thing for a Roman to say to a Jew. In counting himself unworthy that Christ should enter his doors, he was acknowledging Christ to enter his heart. "Speak the word over me." Concluding by his own authority over own soldiers that Christ, by a more absolute power without His presence, could be witness to the conversion. Democritus in the Synagogue, and heard His marvellous command to the evil spirit, "Come out of the man." This, with other miracles under his own observation, encouraged him to say to Jesus,

#### Speak the Word Only."

This wonderful manifestation of faith caused Christ to marvel greatly. (Note—This was the faith of a Gentile, not of an Israelite.) One would naturally look for faith from a people blessed with such teachings and so many sacred writings as these Jews possessed.

Here our Saviour follows up His theme, and said, "Many shall come from the East and West and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of Heaven." This takes in even the Gentiles, and teaches us a free and full salvation. But the children unbaptized shall be cast into darkness.

Christ taught and preached the acceptable year of the Lord. He set an example of interest in the welfare of others. The centurion cared for the soul as well as the body of his servant. As a military officer in the Roman army did not destroy within him the conscious responsibility for the well-being of those by whom he was surrounded. So must we consider what is the effect of our life and character and influence upon the lives and characters of others at work, at play or in the home.

#### Interest in Others.

Note the interest taken by the centurion in his servant. He not only showed a deep interest in his health, but he cared for his soul. While being a very busy man and faithful to his country's interest, he found time to visit the sick. We are responsible to look after their souls as well as their bodies. Many people hire help to-day, and as long as they do their duty as a servant it is all that is required of them. This is not so. Do your servants believe in your testimony given in the meetings, or have they just cause to discount your word through the neck of interest and duty?

Lesson—Faith, Duty, Reward.

#### Memory Text.

"And his servant was healed in the self-same hour."



J. P. JORDAN, SERGT.-MAJOR SIMON'S CORPS.

Brother Jordan has been connected with the Simon's corps ever since he joined from the field some years ago, and has done good service for God and the Army.

Always ready to help, beat the drum, lead a meeting, keep the door, visit the sick, deal with a penitent, or sing a solo—in short, he is an all-round man and a thorough Salvationist.

He is now Sergeant-Major of the corps, and also acts as Junior Secretary and Librarian at the company meetings.

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